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ALGERIA, VIETNAM, and PUNTA DEL ESTE

THE EDITORS

THE COMING LATIN AMERICAN REVOLUTION

A TRAVELING OBSERVER

A LETTER FROM CUBA

Books Reviewed

by W. H. FERRY, SAUL LANDAU, FRITZ PAPPENHEIM

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NOTES FROM THE EDITORS

As we go to press, word comes that *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* by Robert Tressell, announced last month for publication by MR Press, will soon be ready for distribution. After you read W. H. Ferry's "pre-review" beginning on p. 530 of this month's issue, we feel confident that many of you will want to make sure you get this working-class classic at the special pre-publication price of $3.25. After publication date (March 30th), the price will go up to $6.00.

The recent death of Professor R. H. Tawney came as sad news. Both of us had the good fortune to study under Professor Tawney at the London School of Economics during the early 1930's. He was a great economic historian and one of the half dozen or so leading socialist intellectuals of the English-speaking world. His influence, exerted through such well known books as *The Acquisitive Society* and *Equality* as well as through his lectures at LSE, was both profound and world-wide. The following letter, received from an Ambassador and UN Delegate from one of the newly independent Asian countries, expresses thoughts which were no doubt in the minds of many when they heard of Tawney's passing: "The death of Tawney removes a personal link with the past," our correspondent writes. "Before I turned to Political Science and Law, I was a specialist in Economic History. For the special subject in the London Degree in History, I took the "Economic and Social History of Tudor England"—Tawney and Power's documents in 3 vols; Tawney's "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism"; Tawney's "Agrarian Problem in the 16th

(*continued on inside back cover*)

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ALGERIA, VIETNAM, AND PUNTA DEL ESTE

These are three widely separated places on the map of the world that have been making many headlines in recent weeks. Is that all they have in common? Superficially, it might seem so. But if we look deeper, we find that the events which have brought these African, Asian, and Latin American localities into the news are all part of one great historic process.

The end of the war in Algeria, which may well have come by the time this is in print, substantially completes the liquidation of the French colonial empire. It has been a frightful process, including eight years of guerrilla war in Indo-China followed by nearly eight more years of even bloodier fighting in Algeria. Literally billions of dollars have been wasted; casualties in Algeria have mounted to a million out of a total population of nine million, and the countryside has been systematically laid waste. The French, with a large well trained army equipped with all the latest weapons, have spared no effort to crush the guerrilla forces of the Algerian National Liberation Front (FLN). A British observer, writing in the *New York Times Magazine* of February 4th, tells why they have failed:

> The [Algerian] military leaders have no objection to discussing their tactics with a visiting journalist. A major, white-haired at 32, analyzed the reasons for the FLN's virtual defeat of an army at least eight times its numerical strength, an army, moreover, supported by abundant armor and by an air force of 1,000 planes.
>
> "We have the whole of our civilian population solidly behind us," the major said. "They keep track of the enemy's positions for us, so that we're never taken by surprise. And then, again, the French have to keep to the roads. We use the goat tracks and move three times as fast as they can.
>
> "Take the celebrated Operation Brumaire in 1958; and there've been a dozen more like it.
>
> "The French plan was to knock out the headquarters of our Third Wilaya [military region]. They threw in three divisions—tanks, heavy bombers, everything they had. Of course, we got word

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that they were on their way, and by the time they'd got their 105-mm. howitzers into position, we'd moved our headquarters ten miles. We ran rings around them, shot up their rear, ambushed their reinforcement columns as fast as they came up.

"Before they had enough of it and pulled out, they burned every village in the area. The fact is, we drive our people hard. A forced march in our army means sixteen hours at a stretch. The French are welcome to their tanks and howitzers. Light anti-aircraft, machine guns, bazookas, and mortars—that's all we need for our kind of war." (Norman Lewis, "Men Who Cry: 'Algérie Algérienne.' ")

A new era now begins in Algeria, and the dedicated men who have led their country to its hard-won independence have already made clear what its character and aims will be: social revolution, a United North Africa (to include Morocco and Tunisia as well as Algeria), economic rehabilitation and industrialization on the basis of the oil and gas resources of the Sahara, irrigation and forestation of vast areas of desert, transformation of the great European-owned vineyards of the Mediterranean littoral into diversified cooperatives.* Internationally, the Algerian leaders are described as "almost rabidly neutralist" and of course ready to welcome aid from any country prepared to offer it. They are already getting considerable assistance from the socialist-bloc countries and from Yugoslavia, and they will certainly get much more after independence. Whether they will also get significant amounts of aid from the advanced capitalist countries remains to be seen. On the basis of the record to date, the chances seem slight: capitalists do not believe in supporting social revolutions. The parallel between Cuba and Algeria in this regard is perhaps prophetic. The Algerians, reports Norman Lewis, tell us that their revolution is to be "non-Marxist, an original product of Africa." The Cuban leaders had exactly the same idea, only of course their revolution was to be uniquely Cuban. And the Cubans, like the Algerians, started out hoping for aid from all quarters. What changed their minds was that the capitalists, acting in this case through the United States, not

* All facts and quotations in this paragraph are taken from the Norman Lewis article which is by far the best analysis of the Algerian situation we have seen in the United States press.

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only refused aid but tried to engineer a counter-revolution by economic boycott. The Cubans found that they could survive only by relying on socialist aid, and they found too that they could achieve the aims of their revolution only by the application of socialist methods. If we were given to betting, we would offer odds of two to one that the Algerians will have very much the same experience—with very much the same consequences.

What has all this to do with Vietnam and Punta del Este?

Vietnam, of course, is part of the former French colony of Indo-China and the scene of most of the fighting during the eight-year war of national liberation from French rule. When peace finally came, however, it turned out only the northern half of the country had really won independence. In the south, a government of the traditional ruling groups remained in power and immediately shifted its loyalty from France to the United States, which now took up the White Man's Burden in that part of the world. Elections to unify the country, promised in the Geneva Agreement of 1954 which ended the war, were contemptuously refused by the South Vietnamese regime despite its having signed the Agreement. So the revolutionary national liberation struggle had to be started all over again. It was started all over again, and it followed the classical pattern of successful guerrilla warfare. A relative handful of rebel fighters, enjoying the confidence and backing of a mercilessly exploited peasantry, drew out, pinned down, and ran circles around much larger government armies equipped with the latest United States weapons. At the present time, according to estimates published in the *New York Times* ("News of the Week," February 11), the South Vietnamese government has no fewer than 200,000 men in the field, while the numerical strength of the guerrillas is only 20,000. Despite this 10-to-1 disparity (note the closeness to the 8-to-1 Algerian ratio cited above), the war has been going steadily against the government; and in the absence of greatly increased United States participation, it would doubtless soon be over, with the whole of Vietnam at long last liberated and unified. The social revolution which has already been carried out in North Vietnam would of course immediately follow in the south as well. The very same historic transformation of a backward colony into a vigorously developing inde-

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pendent nation thus seems to be reaching a climax simultaneously in North Africa and Southeast Asia.

And yet we cannot assume that the end is really so close in Vietnam. Faced with the prospect of defeat for its puppet South Vietnamese government, the United States seems to have made the decision to assume direct responsibility for the conduct and increasing responsibility for the actual fighting of the anti-guerrilla campaign. There are already said to be as many as 4,000 United States soldiers in the country. Ostensibly, they are still a training group; but with casualties mounting from day to day, the pretense is wearing very thin. Barring an unforeseen change in American policy, it is hard to see what can prevent South Vietnam from becoming America's Algeria. And it is hard, too, to see what can prevent it from turning into the same kind of long drawn-out disaster for the United States that Algeria has been for France.*

But this still leaves unexplained what relation, if any, exists between Punta del Este and the latest developments in Algeria and Vietnam. And it must be conceded that the link is not altogether obvious. What happened at Punta del Este in late January and early February might have seemed to be simply another in a long series of inter-American conferences, called together so that the foreign ministers of the United States' client states to the south could receive their instructions and publicly proclaim their fidelity to the "Inter-American System," a polite euphemism for unchallenged United States domination of the Western Hemisphere.

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* Unidentified Washington officials have been represented in the press as confident of ultimate victory in South Vietnam. "The officials conceded, however," reports E. W. Kenworthy in the *New York Times* of February 17th, "that it might take years—without any spectacular victories—before the government forces, with material help from the United States, could wear down the guerrillas. They pointed out that it took ten years for the British finally to eliminate the Communist guerrilla movement in Malaya." Unfortunately for Washington, the Malayan experience has little relevance to Vietnam. In Malaya most of the guerrillas were from the Chinese minority, politically much more advanced than the Malay majority. As a result, one of the most important conditions for guerrilla success—a complete identity of aims and interests between fighters and local populations —was not fulfilled in Malaya. No such problem exists in Vietnam which in this respect resembles Algeria very closely.

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It was that all right, but it was also something more. For the first time, the largest and strongest Latin American countries (Brazil, Argentina, Chile, and Mexico), joined by Ecuador and Bolivia, staged something of a rebellion against United States authority. They finally voted in favor of a number of resolutions directed at Cuba, but successfully held out against the kind of political and economic sanctions the American delegation had gone into the Conference demanding. This in itself was a landmark in the history of the Western Hemisphere and represented, at the purely diplomatic level, a not insignificant defeat for the Colossus of the North.

But the real significance of Punta del Este lay elsewhere. Washington, through the words and actions of its spokesmen at the Conference, in effect served notice on the world that it is determined, come what may, to press to the bitter end its campaign to overthrow the revolutionary regime in Cuba. And *that* is where the connection to Algeria and Vietnam comes in.

No one, of course, has any doubt that the United States military machine could occupy Cuba. But only fools and CIA agents can imagine that Cuba could be pacified by either a military government or an imposed puppet regime. Cuba occupied, in other words, would automatically turn into a Caribbean Algeria.* The poor, the exploited, the humble, the hungry, the sick—overlapping categories which include the vast majority of the people in every Latin American country—have tasted freedom in Cuba. For the first time they have a government that treats them like human beings, that devotes all its energies to their well-being, that has pointed the way to an inspiring future for them and their children. They *know* what the Revolution means, and they will fight to the death to defend it.

But that is only the beginning of the story. All of Latin America is already in a pre-revolutionary stage.** Objective conditions have long been ripe for the most thorough-going kind of revolution, and now the subjective conditions—the will and

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* See the eloquent "Letter from Cuba" which begins on page 511 below.

** For evidence in support of this statement, see the article "The Coming Latin American Revolution" which begins on page 505 below.

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understanding of the masses—are rapidly reaching the same condition of readiness. The Cuban Revolution has played a great part in this process: throughout the region the most honorable, the most intelligent, the most courageous men and women identify themselves wholeheartedly with the Cuban people and their revolutionary government and are determined to follow the same path in their own countries. And nothing increases their number so surely and so rapidly as new North American attacks on Cuba. Punta del Este had precisely this effect, as we know from reports that we have been receiving from various Latin American capitals since the beginning of the Conference. We have space to quote only one of these reports, written by a Uruguayan friend who was present at Punta del Este and made it his business to collect and analyze for us a large amount of material bearing on Latin American reactions to the Conference:

We had to hear quietly how the Ministers of Nicaragua, Paraguay, Santo Domingo, Guatemala, El Salvador, Venezuela spoke about Democracy and the Rights of Man (all with capital letters of course). We heard the Colombian Minister—where the two conservative parties have neatly divided the next twenty years, four for me, four for you no matter what the people think about it; we also heard the Peruvian, Chilean, and Brazilian Ministers talk about Free Elections, where the great illiterate majority of the people do not vote. We even heard Mr. Rusk speak about extra-continental interventions—but he said not a word after Dorticós described in full detail the record of intervention in Cuba and specially that of Playa Girón for which Mr. Rusk was personally responsible.

All has been a cynical lie, from beginning to end. They are trying to isolate Cuba from its brothers. But it is too late. Once and for all the people, our exploited, impoverished, enslaved, tortured, killed, sold again and again, our Latin American people, have understood. No matter what they are told, they remain faithful, giving all the support they can to those six million Cubans who are showing us the way, the only way. No matter what their Ministers or what they already know to be a lying press may tell them about Cuba, they already know about the Agrarian Reform, about the Urban Reform, about the victorious struggle against every imperialistic plot. They cannot be pushed backwards no matter what these immoral puppet Ministers say, do, or vote.

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They are trying to isolate us, isolate all supporters of Cuba all over America. For that also it is too late. The situation will be hard. We will be repressed; we will not be permitted to travel to Cuba, to read Cuban literature, to act in the open, to form committees in support of Cuba. We have had already in the last few months, also in this peaceful Uruguay, people killed on the streets. The situation will get worse as our ruling class gets more frightened. They surely will try to avoid by all means a left electoral victory next November. Perhaps we will have to work in the darkness, not only for Cuba but also for ourselves. We will then get stronger; for each one of us tortured, for each one fired from his job, persecuted, killed, there will be ten that will open their eyes. Ten or twenty more will understand and will join us.

It is too late even to stop the flow of news and words from our Revolutionary Cuba. During the last week I went twice to speak about Cuba in public meetings held in cities of the interior of our country, cities where local pressure against Cuba is very strong—where local landowners (those who give the only and scarce work in the neighborhood) repeat endlessly that no "castrista o comunista" will ever work for them, where the priests threaten with excommunication those who dare even come near our meetings. The two cities I spoke in were Fray Bentos (275 kilometers from Montevideo, where the only jobs are in an English meat packing company and where all workers have been on strike for the last three months, as they have been in the entire industry) and San Jose (100 kilometers from Montevideo, in a poor neighborhood in the outskirts). In the latter place, there were about 60 or 70 persons near where we were speaking. A hundred or so others were hearing from loudspeakers—hidden in the shadows where they could not be seen, but hearing. In both places, after we had tried to explain what was really happening in Cuba, what we had personally seen in Cuba, we were talking with them and several came up to ask if we had heard Fidel's speech of the day before. "No," I said, "I have only read what UPI [United Press International] told us." "Well," they replied, "we heard it complete yesterday from Radio Havana. We get the news from Cuba every night." So you see that these people, always pressured in the worst way and systematically deceived by local politicians, who do not read the left press because it often never even reaches these places —these people are hearing *every night* from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. the short wave broadcasts of Radio Havana. They are very well informed after all. You see, here it is also too late.

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We believe this to be a sober statement of truths. The Cuban Revolution is but the first stage of the Latin American Revolution. It can no longer be dealt with, let alone suppressed, in isolation. Every attempt to do so will merely hasten the tempo of events elsewhere. And if the United States in pursuit of a foredoomed policy opts for military intervention throughout the vast expanses of Central and South America, then God help us all. The French defeat in Algeria will be dwarfed by history's greatest debacle.

(February 17, 1962)

The nation today has come to a plain fork in the road. The Military juggernaut, hand-in-glove with industry, whooped on by all the arts of propaganda, is high-balling along the highway that leads to ever more authoritarian government—and that holy war, by which we all can prove our manhood, which lies in the offing. The other fork of the road turns aside from this catastrophic brink. It leads to reimposition of strong civilian control over the Military; it takes formation of policy out of the hands of the Military and puts it where it belongs, in the hands of elected representatives responsible to the people; it tries to seek out the truth and find solutions to world affairs, not just to adopt the primitive attitude of holding everywhere a rigid line until the right time comes to knock over the other fellow. This second fork in the road offers at least a hope, a prayer; the Military thruway, with its phony blathering of peace through strength, can lead only to mass graves.

—Fred J. Cook, "The Juggernaut," The Nation, October 28, 1961

The cost of conservation falls just as heavily on the underprivileged as the cost of innovation on those who are deprived of their privileges.

—E. H. Carr, What Is History?

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THE COMING LATIN AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY A TRAVELING OBSERVER

What are the reasons for expecting a massive upheaval in Latin America in coming years, probably sooner rather than later?

It would be indeed strange if this large part of the world were to escape the social convulsions that have rocked most areas of the planet since the beginning of this century. As a matter of fact, it was the Mexican Revolution of 1910 that historically set off the present cycle of world change; and the conditions that produced it can be found, in varying degree, in all the countries of Latin America, not even excluding Uruguay whose peaceful revolution of 1911 created a stability of sorts that has endured, and not even excluding Mexico itself. The case of Cuba is well known—here a genuine revolution whose future is still in doubt changed existing patterns of land and capital ownership. Bolivia has a revolutionary government, but it also has the lowest per capita income on the continent and conditions of dire poverty make further upheavals almost certain. The other 16 nations, without exception, can be said to stand in the shadow of revolution; some are very close to it, particularly Brazil, where a genuine overturn on the Cuban model would probably take on continental proportions.

No observer of Latin American affairs, from inside or outside, interested or disinterested, expert or otherwise, sees any easy way out of Latin America's growing economic stagnation. The problems are too great, the needed changes too fundamental, the mounting difficulties of the entire region too grave and formidable for facile solution.

Consider the problem of population and food. It is a commonplace to say that Latin America is hungry. On a per capita basis, the area actually produces and eats less food than

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The author of this article is a United States businessman whose job requires him to travel often and widely throughout Latin America.

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it did before World War II. Today the population stands at 200 million. In countries like Venezuela, the population doubles in 18 years, outstripping all efforts at land reform, and creating a growing problem of feeding the hungry. During the next 40 years, the population of Latin America is expected to grow to 600 million, giving the United States real minority status in the Hemisphere. Is it possible for anyone to suggest a reasonable method of feeding such enormous masses of people, masses that will be landless and unemployed in far greater proportions than today when most major cities are already surrounded by festering slums of the hungry and the desperate?

In Brazil, approximately 5 percent of the population owns nearly 95 percent of the land; in Venezuela, 2 percent owns 74 percent; in Ecuador, one-third of the land belongs to less than one-fifth of 1 percent of the people. For the entire area, less than 5 percent of the landowners own roughly 70 percent of all the arable land. Outside of Cuba, there has never been a genuine land reform in Latin America. Even the Mexican program has been a failure. Is there any reason to believe that the owners of these lands will give them to the landless? And if they were willing, under some form of compensation, would there be time for such reforms? The evidence seems to indicate a negative answer. In Mexico, lands that have been distributed are finding their way back into the hands of large owners through foreclosures by the banks.* Venezuela's relatively ambitious program of land distribution by democratic means seems to lag far behind population increase; and, again outside of Cuba, this is the brightest spot in the land reform picture in all Latin America.

The governing classes in Latin America are among the most backward, self-centered, and conservative in the world. If they fear for the stability of their country, they send their money abroad. Most of them send much of it abroad anyway, just to be safe. They care little or nothing about the welfare

* Even where this has not happened, the defenseless small landowner has found himself increasingly oppressed and exploited by a growing tribe of usurers, middlemen, dealers, etc. The Mexican experience proves decisively that fragmentation of estates into small landholdings is no solution of the problem.—Ed.

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of the people. They even steal the food and other aid sent in as earthquake and disaster relief. The food is fed to their cattle. This shows how much they really care about human welfare. It is quite useless to ask them to divide their lands for motives of altruism, and they too cannot fail to see that the United States has made the chief aim of its Latin American policy the overthrow of the one government—Cuba—that has carried out a sweeping land reform program.

For many reasons, capital flows out of Latin America faster than it comes in. Fluctuations in market prices of basic commodities such as coffee, sugar, copper, tin, lead, and oil on which the economies of whole countries depend take away much, leave little, and the trend is steadily against Latin America. Foreign ownership draws out capital: foreign shareholders want their profits. Attacks on this practice, as in Brazil at present, frighten foreign investors, and desperately needed capital stays away. The Cuban expropriations and fear of similar happenings elsewhere accelerate the trend. Meanwhile, many of those with wealth continue to send it abroad, or at best to invest it in unproductive land which pays a much lower tax than industrial enterprise. Inflation plagues the entire region. In Brazil, the purchasing power of the cruzeiro has been cut in half in a year. In Venezuela, the bolívar, though fixed at approximately four to the U.S. dollar, buys about half of what 25¢ would buy in the United States. Chile's cost of living is near the top in Latin America. The struggle to get by becomes harder all the time for wage earners. Per capita annual income in Latin America averages from less than $100 to around $700 at the peak, and the reality is even worse because of the disproportionately large incomes of those at the top. It is very common in the whole region for many to live without money and with little food, clothing, or shelter. In the environs of Santiago de Chile and other large cities are colonies of people living at an almost animal level.

One traveling in Latin America today, particularly in every part of the South American continent, experiences a strange feeling of impending change. It is the sort of feeling that one would probably have had traveling in Russia before 1917, in France before 1789—the feeling that change, of epochal pro-

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portions, is in the making; that one of the great dramas of human history is about to take place. There is the expectation, expressed often in the words of sober businessmen, that things cannot go on as they are. There are the constant roundups of leftists which turn the prisons into modern counterparts of the French Bastille. This is true even in Mexico, most stable of the Latin American republics, where David Alfaro Siqueiros, a painter of world fame, is among those imprisoned on charges of "social dissolution." It is in the constant changes of government, and threats of change, sweeping through the area; witness Brazil, Ecuador, and the Dominican Republic in recent months. It is true that governmental instability has always been a fact of life in Latin America; but the overturns of today obey deeper historical laws, and there is always profound mass unrest at the base. It is in the day's news—the growth of armed robbery on the streets, the steady deterioration of municipal utilities, the growing banditry in the rural areas.

When businessmen, working in off hours in the slums surrounding Lima in an effort to improve conditions for the wretched beings who live there, say that they expect the mobs to invade Lima next year or the year after that, maybe they do not really mean it, but enough of them say it to show that the fear is there. This is not a condition found only in Lima; it can be found, and the same expressions of fear and concern can be heard, in most major South American cities—Santiago, Rio de Janeiro, Caracas, Guayaquil. Labor, though often weak and poorly led, keeps the area in turmoil through constant strikes and street demonstrations often ending in violence—general strikes called at will and thoroughly enforced, multiple strikes tying up several branches of industry at the same time, single-industry strikes. The authorities can't or won't do much about these strikes and demonstrations; they are generally tolerated as in the nature of things, as perhaps a way of letting the masses blow off steam without getting entirely out of hand. These do not appear to be the manifestations of the growing pains of industrialism, though there is an element of this too; rather they seem to be the symptoms of grave social disease, with the dispossessed and vengeful millions swarming at the vortex of every disorder. What can be expected in the years

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ahead as these starving multitudes multiply to catastrophic proportions in all the cities where even now they represent an unmanageable problem?

One does not have to go to leftist sources to discover sympathy with social change in the leading countries of Latin America. It is in fact surprising to find so many businessmen, engineers, and industrial technicians who are in agreement that things can't keep on as they are much longer. This opinion, coming from an engineer in Argentina who has no sympathy for Communism, is typical of many: "The system of free enterprise is on trial; if it is not able to provide the jobs, build the plants, feed the people, give them houses, then another system will be tried. People now know that they do not have to put up with unbearable conditions. They know about the progress being made in countries like Russia and China through systems of public ownership; and if they decide that the present system offers no way out for them, they will try the new methods."

This is an expression of a growing feeling one finds throughout the world, particularly among thinking people who are not Communists and are even active opponents of the Communist doctrine, that systems of public ownership are forming a new society that is already stronger than that of the West and that will give the world its predominant complexion for years to come. This feeling is especially widespread among intellectual circles in Latin America where there is much speculation on the subject, particularly Latin America's place in the world of the future. The opinion of the young engineer quoted above is a fairly common one. The constant uproar in the universities carries strong overtones along these lines. It is felt that the new society, centered in Russia, Asia, and Africa, now offers a real alternative to the traditional system of the West.

Governor Luis Muñoz Marin of Puerto Rico said recently that it is not a question of whether or not there will be revolution in Latin America, it is a question of who will be in charge of it, democratic forces or totalitarian forces.

What are the real chances for the democratic approach? It is by no means certain that the Alliance for Progress program, even if effectively applied, could do very much to alter the course of events in Latin America. The drift toward funda-

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mental change, part of one of the great movements of world history, moves forward, with the continent in its glacial grip. But it is not certain either that the Alliance for Progress can be brought into effective being. Dr. Milton Eisenhower has said: "Our dilemma, as I see it, is that we cannot possibly afford not to meet commitments to Latin America, but neither can we seemingly afford to finance them." Secretary of the Treasury Douglas Dillon has said the United States "will be a partner in hemispheric progress, but we do not intend, and in fact we cannot, carry the whole load." Land and tax reforms would be necessary for U.S. aid to be effective, and these reforms are not coming into being at a rate that gives the Alliance for Progress any real chance of success. A further grave obstacle to the success of the Alliance is that aid may be tied to anti-Castro action—this may be one lasting result of the most recent Punta del Este conference—and if this is the case, then the Alliance for Progress seems doomed throughout most of Latin America, leaving it to operate only in peripheral areas around the Caribbean.

What will happen then in Latin America? What one can expect is strong movements in two directions—toward upheavals seeking social change in a radical way, as in Cuba; and toward military regimes striving to head off social change through repression. But military power may be totally ineffective when the time comes—for the long pull, this is certain to be so. The whole weakness of the Latin American situation is that, in the long view, there is no viable status quo to maintain.

A real overturn in a big country like Brazil, which will have close to 100 million population by 1970, could throw all of South America into the throes of revolution. Brazil is in dire straits; financial collapse dogs its heels; its potential Castros are already active; lands are being seized by the landless in many areas. The military may step in the next time around, but with conditions rapidly growing worse, as they are, genuine revolution might find the military divided against itself. The result could be a dictatorship of the Left, as in Cuba. This would tip the scales for all Latin America.

The chances are more than two to one that this will be the outcome, and soon. It is later than most of us think—far later—

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in all of Latin America. History has not planned to leave this vast continent out of the great tides of change sweeping the earth. It seems only that Latin America was destined to close a historic cycle, as it began it, by staging its revolution last.

A LETTER FROM CUBA

The following letter, addressed to the editors of MR, was received toward the end of January. Its author is a young American woman who married a Cuban and moved to Havana several years ago. When we were in Cuba in 1960 gathering material for our book on the Cuban Revolution, she was enormously helpful to us as interpreter, researcher, and adviser on all matters Cuban. We hope that the gentlemen who are making United States policy in Washington will read this letter and *think about it seriously.* Our correspondent was never a radical of any kind in the United States and never expected to be in Cuba. She has learned through the Revolution, and what she has learned she knows well. When she says that an invasion of Cuba by United States armed forces would be answered by "a struggle to the end by every man, woman, and child," she means exactly what she says. Let Washington ponder well the consequences, in Latin America and throughout the world, of entering upon a road that leads to such a destination. We say to Mr. Kennedy and his advisers with all the earnestness at our command that the author of this letter is an infinitely more reliable guide to the situation in Cuba than all the agents of the CIA. Listen to her!—The Editors

My "season's greetings" are so delayed as a result of our "Year of Education" and the literacy campaign from which the children and I returned on the 20th of December—a bit the worse for wear, but triumphant! As you know, the campaign was a definite success—one of the typical marvels this Revolution manages to carry off with all of the probabilities against it and in spite of every kind of difficulty, and, of course, it was possible only because of the spirit of creative euphoria which still pervades the country. It was interesting that near the

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end of the campaign, one heard constantly the exclamation of the *Brigadistas* (I was in charge of a group of 25 of them): "Well, let's see what Fidel thinks of next!" But it was always exclaimed with the same mixture of good-humored exasperation and affectionate pride. The chant at the concentration of *Brigadistas* on the 22nd of December: "Fidel, Fidel, tell us what we can do next" (to which Fidel replied) wasn't a "put up" slogan. It was the overwhelming sentiment of the *Brigadistas*. I think if Fidel had told them they next had to invade the United States, they would have volunteered *en masse*.

What Fidel did tell them they had to do, as I'm sure you know, is study now. Sixty-five thousand scholarships have been awarded so far with preference given to *Brigadistas* for studies ranging from junior high school to special technical schools and university levels. Our neighborhood is now seething with *Brigadistas* from all over the country—as is the beach resort of Tarara and the former Country Club section, which have been converted to School Cities. In our section (Miramar), two huge former Catholic boarding schools, Ursalinas and La Salle, each of which occupies a full block, have been converted to secondary schools for the scholarship students who live in nearby mansions converted to dormitories. We used to wonder, as most of our wealthy citizenry departed, who would occupy these mansions in the future. Now we know. They are all kids from co-operatives and farms, small country towns, and the poorer sections of the cities of Cuba. Here they will have the best of everything in food, care, housing, and education, with special emphasis on physical education and sports.

English is a required subject beginning at the junior high school level, and the new English program, based on the studies of Lado and Fries at the Michigan Institute of Languages, is exciting. Marjorie Morray has worked on the new program all summer and fall, and I shall be teaching it to the scholarship students, starting probably next week, at the former Ursalinas, now called "Martires de Playa Girón." To prepare them to use the new teaching methods, all English teachers in Cuba have undergone an intensive 40 to 70 hour course, including practice teaching in the new methods. I understand that similar methods will be used in all of the foreign language courses.

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Almost everyone here is keenly awaiting the 22nd [of January] to see what happens at Punta del Este, and the subject of conversation in any gathering is: How many countries of Latin America (governments) will bow down to the U.S.? If the U.S. succeeds there or if it fails, will it dare try a second invasion? If it tries, will it send only mercenaries or will it send its own forces? What is wonderful is the calmness with which people here discuss all of these alternatives; there isn't the remotest hint anywhere of fear or hysteria (because the fearful ones and the hysterics have long since left????), although no one here is under any illusion at all as to what the last of these alternatives would mean to us. I have listened to these conversations both in the country and in the city, and the attitudes are the same. Surrender, which would mean the loss of all that has been achieved in the Revolution and a return to the past, is unthinkable. If it is discussed at all, the discussion ends immediately since everyone is in agreement. The alternative, therefore, would simply be what it would have to be: a struggle to the end by every man, woman, and child. But this is scarcely discussed either; everyone knows what he has to do when and if the time comes.

One of the most fascinating things in all of this is how well even simple country people understand and accept the fact that they are preparing themselves to defend not only their own Revolution but the possibility of future progress and economic independence in all of Latin America. They know that the fate of the peoples of Latin America for a long time to come will depend upon what happens in Cuba.

For some time now, each time I write a letter, which isn't often, I wonder if it will be my last one, not because of any morbid intuition of impending doom, but rather because of a simple awareness that it may very well be. If that *should* be the case at any time in the near future, I would like you both to know that I have "gone down" in what I consider to be one of history's most "justifiable" causes.

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ILL FARES THE LAND

BY CASSANDRA

This is in the nature of an appeal. It has nothing to do with nationality, citizenship, or political beliefs or convictions.

Although not an American citizen, I am writing to you because I am alarmed at the sight of a nation in headlong flight to destroy herself with her own hands. What America does and will do to herself must, of course, affect me as it must affect every living thing on earth, probably much more so than the actions of any other nation. Nevertheless, what I am pleading for concerns *your* well-being, *your* future, *your* very life.

Consider these facts: it is estimated that the present U.S. population of 180 million will have reached 230 million by 1975, and 370 million by the year 2010. All over the nation the water table is falling; yet, in 1950, of 11,800 municipal sewer systems and 10,400 independent factories discharging their wastes into rivers and lakes, only about half of the former and a quarter of the latter were giving so-called "adequate" treatment to this filth. Water is the lifeblood of any country, and at the same time that you have more than doubled your former consumption, you are polluting it and destroying the watersheds from whence it comes. You are mining something without which you cannot survive, and for which there is no substitute.

More than 80 percent of the agricultural land of your country is suffering from varying degrees of erosion, yet the U.S. Soil Conservation Service gets a fraction of one percent of the national budget. A specific example of what this fantastic setup means is the Potomac River drainage basin. Despite almost 90 percent Soil Conservation coverage, the river of George Washington annually carries 5½ million tons of soil past the

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Cassandra is the pen name of a German forced to leave his native country when it became Hitler's first victim. Since then, he has farmed in Britain and the U.S., studied the problems of conservation, and traveled some 100,000 miles of camping across the United States.

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nation's capital. This life-sustaining wealth is lost forever in the sea. Once ocean-going vessels from around the world tied up where today stands your memorial to Abraham Lincoln. The mooring posts of two other Maryland ports where ships from overseas once unloaded their cargoes are now more than two miles from navigable waters. It would be safe to bet that 90 percent of the legislators in Washington are blissfully unaware of what is going on right under their noses, especially today when the latter are pointed at the moon.

Listen to Dr. Hugh H. Bennett, Chief of the U.S. Soil Conservation Service, testifying before a Congressional Committee in 1939:

> In the short life of this country, we have essentially destroyed 282 million acres of crop and rangeland. Erosion is destructively active on 775 million additional acres. About 100 million acres of cropland, much of it representing the best cropland we have, is finished in this country. We cannot restore it.
>
> It takes nature from 300 to 1,000 years or more to bring back a single inch of topsoil and we sometimes lose that much topsoil as the result of a single rain, if it is an especially heavy torrential rain.
>
> We have some land left that has not been used; but it is scattered. We have no large aggregates of land to which we may turn. We are losing every day as the result of erosion the equivalent of two hundred forty-acre farms. We have lost that much since we were here yesterday. It is gone, gone forever. . . .
>
> In the southeastern part of the United States thirteen costly, major reservoirs have been filled to the top of the dam with the products of erosion over an average period of less than thirty years. . . .

Every year, some 10 million acres of American forests are destroyed by holocaust, yet these fires are fought with means so ridiculously limited that no major assault is ever made on one until it has reached catastrophic proportions. A colonel on a maneuver with similar means at his disposal for taking a bridge from an imaginary enemy would cause an uproar that would be like a tidal wave compared to the ripple which goes through the newspapers of this country when a chain of forest fires sweeps through a state.

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In 1948, 136 million acres of forest land were still without any organized fire protection. In the period 1930-1940 there were 575 daily wood fires which burned an area the equivalent of seven times the entire New England section. Enough big trees were killed in these fires to keep our daily and Sunday papers in newsprint for eleven years (the *New York Times,* in a single Sunday edition, uses the equivalent of the net annual growth of 6,000 acres!)

Seven eighths of all virgin timber in the United States has already been cut down. It, too, is gone forever. With it went watershed, biological, botanical, wildlife, recreational, and inspirational values that in their original setting made this country a paradise on earth. Yet for the last three years the Wilderness Bill, legislation that would save the pitiful amount of wilderness still remaining (about two percent of the total land area), has been paralyzed by two forces: the concerted effort of interests who judge everything by the dollar potential, and your own indifference.

Three thousand acres of wood and grassland are fed every day into the insatiable maws of bulldozers to make space for housing. Not one of the people responsible for this irrevocable annihilation of nature wastes a moment's thought on it. What it does to the water table, to the local climate, to bird and insect life, to fauna and flora, in short to the intricate balance of nature, are things which they don't even know about. If they did, they wouldn't understand; and if they understood, they wouldn't care. Nor are they concerned about the fact that in 99 percent of the cases practically no trees are saved. In Syracuse, Scottsdale, or San Diego the story is the same. Who wants trees! People today don't look at trees—they look at television. The charm of a house is no longer measured by its setting among shady trees, but by the height of its TV antenna and the number of waste stacks protruding from the roof.

A tree is perhaps the most magnificent culmination of the creative power of nature, but to modern democratic man it is less sacred than a billboard. If it's in his way it must come down. It takes thirty years to bring man to full maturity, said Voltaire, but only one second for a bullet to kill him. It may have taken nature several hundred years to bring a tree to its

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full splendor, but man frequently does not waste even a second's thought on preserving it for his own and his children's enrichment. The soul of man, battered and bruised by the ceaseless din of modern cities and the relentless national and international sabre-rattling, needs treeways rather than freeways, but staggering sums of money are spent in this country on more and more superhighways whose overwhelming feature is the absence of trees. It's almost as if the disfiguration of the natural landscape is a divine commandment which should be spread to every corner of the country with the zeal of a religious mission.

When has man ever created such thundering monuments to his folly, to his infatuation with an idea, as the concrete smothering of his surroundings? Pyramids, castles, temples, and statues—what were they but local milestones in the painful development of man's attempts at creative work, compared to this rubber-consuming scaly hide with which twentieth century *homo sapiens* has obliterated the face of mother nature to the tune of millions upon millions of miles? Those monuments of old were at least beautiful—who but a highway engineer would attribute beauty to a cement slab? The best that can be said about a cement highway is that it enables a greater number of people to "view" once-beautiful scenery at high speed (and under constant threat of instant death and destruction). How can this be an improvement over an old-fashioned, slow road where the traveler was able to enjoy and appreciate the same unspoiled scene at a leisurely pace? Should not the journey itself be worthwhile, and not merely the goal?

Gruesome proof of the shortcomings of conservation legislation in the United States is the fate of the recent surveys made by the National Park Service of the fast-disappearing remnants of unspoiled shoreline. To begin with, these surveys could not have been made if private funds had not been donated for the purpose, for the National Park Service's share of the national budget is, like that of the Soil Conservation Service, microscopic. Altogether five reports were published, also with private funds. *Our Vanishing Shoreline* gives the overall situation of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts; *Our Fourth Shore* does the same for the Great Lakes; while *The Remaining Opportunities* provides a detailed analysis for this unique region. The two other

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publications cover the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, mile by beautiful mile.*

Let me quote from *Our Vanishing Shoreline,* a booklet that should wring the heart of every American: "As late as 1935—just two decades ago—the National Park Service made a survey of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts and found plenty of unspoiled seashore areas suitable for public recreation. It recommended that 12 major strips, with 437 miles of beach [out of a total of 3700 miles of coastline!], be preserved as national areas. These were superb tracts. There were others, only a little less desirable, suitable for State and other reserves. Only one of the 12 was actually acquired as a national seashore. All the others, save one, have long since gone into private and commercial development."

Despite this tragic sequence of events, the Department of the Interior, the "boss" of the National Park Service, today recommends "no more than three," I repeat, three, additional national seashore areas—these three to be "distributed" over the 3700 miles of Atlantic and Gulf coasts, the 1700 miles of Pacific coast, and the 5480 miles of the American share of the Great Lakes shoreline. Although no less than 40 bills on this subject were introduced in Congress in 1960, even this piddling proposal of three new seashores failed to win approval, at the same time as that august body of men passed out unlimited sums of money for rockets and missiles.** And I feel sadly confident that if a few more miles of shoreline *are* saved from the sacrilege of the billboard, it will be without the slightest general public assistance, but only through the devotion and integrity of a few farsighted and selfless individuals.

Man has to choose between wilderness, controlled nature, and nature destroyed; cities fall into the last category. Most of Europe ceased long ago to be a wilderness. It lost values which it can never regain; but for the most part, enough of nature was left intact to act as a guiding, healing, and health-giving force. The conversion from wilderness to agriculture was a slow process.

* All these publications are available free from the National Park Service, Washington 25, D.C.

** Since this article was written, part of Cape Cod has been set aside as a National Seashore Area.

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Cities did not mushroom. And most of the rainfall is gentle.

Here in America, where a great percentage of the rainfall takes the form of tropical cloudbursts, the story was an entirely different one. Almost from the start, the white man's interference with the balance of nature has been a rush job. Ever-greater machine power and catapulting population waves brought the American continent in 200 years from a wilderness paradise to the "Urban Sprawl." Someone once said that originally a squirrel could have traveled from the east coast all the way to the Mississippi without ever touching the ground, so dense was the all-protecting forest cover. The situation today is almost the exact reverse. A few years ago the president of the Ford Foundation said that in twenty years there would be "unrelieved urban areas . . . from Milwaukee along the Great Lakes to Buffalo." If this trend continues, as indeed it does on a nation-wide scale, all scenic serenity, historical value, and ecological unity will eventually be shattered and sacrificed to the man-made money-god.

All this goes under the name of "taming the wilderness" and "conquest of nature." Nature, however, is never conquered, for she is not only beauty and music and eternal perfection—she is also, and maybe above all, power. Man can destroy the beauty of her forests and prairies and seashores, but he cannot destroy her power. On the contrary, the more he destroys those aspects of her which would help him, physically and spiritually, to be a better man, the more helpless he becomes in the face of her avenging fury.

Man does not hold a single trump card—nature has millions of them. The last glacier dates back a mere 11,000 years. Any of the insects may, for all we know, scourge us off the face of the earth if and when we have played the destructive fools long enough. Countless have been the signs and examples nature has given to man to show that she is displeased with him, that she need not and will not tolerate his brazen illusions of grandeur. Civilizations which ignored her alarm signals have died by the dozens. We may be the first one to have sailed under the polar ice-cap, to have discovered the world of the atom, and to be the dispatchers of a few multi-million dollar metal balls into outer space, but nature is no more interested in

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these gaudy little flourishes than God would be in the latest baseball score.

Nature has absolutely no use for the doctrine of Karl Marx, but neither is she familiar with the Declaration of Independence, and she will bury that noble manifesto along with not-so-noble man in a worldwide and man-triggered avalanche of destruction compared to which atomic explosions will seem like mere shotgun blasts. She *can* do this, and *will* (unless mankind beats her to the draw by committing global suicide) if we do not learn to understand that we have, at best, an unsigned lease on the earth on which we live, and not a title of ownership.

Nature speaks neither English nor Russian. Neither the dollar nor the ruble fit into her scheme of things. She is, if you will, a tyrant, a tyrant who has been building up her forces for billions of years. The growing pains of her infancy were such that they crumpled mountains; she laughs with the power of earthquakes; and when she is riled, her hurricanes produce the energy of several atomic bombs every single second. Who are we to do battle with her?

She accepts no I.O.U. notes, and if man tries to buy from her on the installment plan—by living off rather than on the land—she exacts payments with an interest rate that makes the deal completely unprofitable for mankind. Yet with all the endless time and energy man devotes to financial matters, this is a transaction which he seems unable to comprehend.

It cannot be overemphasized and must be kept constantly in mind that damage to the natural order is frequently final. An exterminated species cannot be revived, nor a unique stand of virgin redwoods be replaced by a new shipment from Detroit any more than by a peremptory order from the Kremlin.

But even if a people *could* live in a land devoid of a single forest, where the mightiest river and the smallest freshet would each be but a connecting link in a continental disposal system of sewage and industrial waste—what are these parasites who clamor for access to every standing tree, and you who let them have their way, going to do then? Must the last Sitka spruce terminate its glorious life under the whine and stench of a chainsaw before civilization is satisfied? Why can the orgy of the last two centuries not suffice?

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Your government would not permit real estate agents to buy and sell the firing ranges used by the armed services; they are held to be indispensable to the nation's survival. Yet "private" land, which constitutes the biggest portion of productive land in the United States (90 percent of the timber-producing land is in private hands), can be bought and sold by men and women who understand the intricate adjustment of the forces of nature as well as a boxer understands dentistry. Both the seller and buyer are interested only in what the land and what's on it represent in terms of the dollar. If the deal is a small one, the wood lot "which will pay for the farm," once it is neatly stacked at the local lumberyard, may bring havoc by its destruction to a neighboring farm or two. If the deal is a large one, it may involve a whole county or state—indeed its consequences may affect the entire nation forever more.

This, too, is part of your democracy, and you should ponder it well. Things of life and death importance should not be entrusted to individual persons, be they dictators or free enterprisers.

You are willing, if provoked, to unleash a thousand Hiroshimas on both your enemies and yourselves to preserve what you like to think of as the greatest democracy—although it is hard to think of more confused, irrational thinking. But to protect this democracy from the attack that not only is certain but actually is and has been going on for 200 years, you are not even willing to curb the sale of "private" lands, regardless of the catastrophic results which may ensue. If this is not folly, what is?

Said Dr. A. Eugene Staley of the Stanford Research Institute recently: "Despite all the vaunted technological and economic progress of modern times, there are probably more poverty-stricken people in the world today than there were fifty years ago." Yet in 1960 the American government came out flatly against birth control aid to other countries; birth control enjoys no official support whatever in the United States itself (in two states it's not even legal); and Russia never loses an opportunity to laud the fact of her own booming population nor an opportunity to attack any and all persons who attempt to tell the world that mushrooming populations will inevitably

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destroy our civilization. Blindness apparently is neither an American nor a Russian monopoly.

Is there something holy in numbers per se? Will the opponents of birth control ever be satisfied, or do they actually intend to turn this star into a human sardine factory? Is this really divine purpose, or is it merely the application of befuddled human reasoning to the divine gift of procreation?

There are people who have fallen head over heels in love with technology, who claim that there is nothing to worry about. According to them our trouble is not the huge number of undernourished and starving people, but our failure to produce more food, and that, they continue, is easy to remedy. "Vast" regions of never-touched land just waiting to be put at man's disposal by bountiful nature always figure prominently in these grandiose theories. Their figures, however, have a habit of coming from statistics giving mere area, including everything from icebergs to the geysers in Yellowstone National Park. Then, say these miracle men, we can increase the output of the land we now cultivate, as though soil erosion and exhaustion did not exist; as though most, if not all, our lands had just lost their virginity and were merely waiting for bigger and faster tractors to speed up the harvests from their opulent fertility; as though, in effect, land was an orange that couldn't be squeezed dry. To buttress their arguments, they bring up two "clinchers": soilless farming and plankton from the sea. That the former requires huge amounts of fresh water in a world of falling water tables (caused mainly by deforestation), while the latter is nothing more than a laboratory dream which hasn't yet fed a single village doesn't disturb them in the slightest.

They also have lavish schemes for de-salting the oceans, just as though you can replace the whole delicate balance of nature of a continent by artificially reversing the water cycle. Unable or unwilling to hold the rain water where it falls, having turned thousands of arteries of this North American continent into raging or lifeless silt channels, men are confident that they can go nature one better with the help of steel pipes and pumping stations. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."

Their proposals are as disaster-fraught as the action of a

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person with a $2,000 annual income who buys goods and real estate to the tune of $10,000 annually because he optimistically expects to make $20,000 a year in the not-too-distant future. The similarity goes further than this, for in either case his activities will be found out and stopped, by his local bank in the case of the individual, by "Mother" alias "Demon" Nature in the case of mankind. The least that these theorists should be able to see is that the millions of hungry human beings living today should have their suffering alleviated and removed *before* additional numbers are permitted, not to say encouraged, to swell their stricken ranks. That these theorists do not ever even suggest this simple piece of logic and kindness leaves them wide open to one of two charges. Either they cannot see it, in which case they demonstrate a woeful lack of understanding; or they will not admit seeing it, in which case they demonstrate their dishonesty.

Still, for the sake of the argument, let us assume that four or five or six billion people *are* a feasible number for this plundered planet to feed, clothe, and shelter adequately. The prospect of every beach and county park jammed to capacity around the clock; of every road, no matter how remote, turned into a major depository for that latest mammalian arrival in the evolutionary process, the litterbug, may leave most people unmoved. The starvation of the mind is already in a well-advanced stage among huge portions of the world's population, as the abysmal ignorance, superstition (including the civilized variety), and abject devotion to trash literature and entertainment prove beyond a doubt. In a world with standing room only, however, this shortage of mental food would be such as to bring the creative ability of even the minority of real—as opposed to political—leaders to a standstill.

About the year 30 before Christ, the Jewish prophet Hillel said: "What is hateful to thee, do not to thy fellow man. This is the whole law; the rest is mere commentary."

Hillel's 2000-year-old wisdom could still guide mankind's political actions. Had he lived in our age, Hillel might have added: do not destroy the land on which you live; all your other troubles are but a result of this destruction.

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WORLD EVENTS

By Scott Nearing

The Unexpected Sometimes Happens

Israel advertises itself as a land of sunshine. The poster at which we are looking pictures bright skies, soft weather, and a clear sunset over a smiling landscape. It is captioned: "Israel, Pays d'éternel Azur."

We have been in Israel for a week. As our plane dropped down for a landing at the Tel Aviv airport, the captain warned: "Be prepared for a rough landing. The weather over Tel Aviv is generally fair, but thunderstorms are reported from several directions. We might run into one."

We landed without incident, but an hour later, on the drive north we were pelted by a tropical deluge that continued without interruption for more than an hour. All that night thunder rumbled, lightning flashed, and the rain was driven by gusty blasts against the windows. In Haifa, water pouring down from Mount Carmel made miniature rivers of the streets. In places planks had been thrown across gutters to enable foot passengers to get from the street level onto the sidewalk.

The next morning, a walk through Haifa showed the consequences of the cloudburst. Low spots were ponds. Sand and gravel, washed down the mountainside by the deluge, littered the pavements. Graders with plows and men with shovels were clearing away the debris to make way for traffic. In a similar tropical downpour in Los Angeles we remember hearing local citizens apologize with the phrase "liquid sunshine."

Every day since we reached Israel it has rained. At times the rain has pattered and sprinkled gently. Again it has come down in sheets, reducing visibility to near zero.

On Thursday, January 11, the *Jerusalem Post* headlined a front page story: "Tel Aviv has worst flood in 32 years," adding in a subhead "More rain due today?" The story noted hundreds of flooded cellars with firemen "working around the

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clock" pumping out the water. Telephones in southern and eastern Tel Aviv were cut off for hours, isolating several newspaper offices and the central bus station. "Traffic was halted in many low-lying streets and cars marooned. . . . Pedestrians waded through streams sometimes knee deep to cross the streets." In this one day, Tel Aviv had received 20 percent of its average annual rainfall. In some parts of Israel, ten inches of rain fell during the first ten days of January.

Nahalal

On the day of the big downpour we took a bus out to Nahalal where we could get a look at the countryside. On the day following we went east through Nazareth, as far as Tiberias and the Jordan valley. In some places the flood damage was slight. Elsewhere bulldozers were pushing sand, gravel, and rocks off the pavements, while bridge abutments were being strengthened against the turgid waters surging over stream banks.

Nahalal is a cooperative village six or seven miles from Haifa. The village is built like a wheel. In the center are the creamery, the egg hatchery, the school, the clinic, and the cooperative supermarket, smaller than its cousins in Pennsylvania and California but with all of the trimmings of a full-grown supermarket. There is a central tractor station where the machinery is stored, and serviced, side by side with a large warehouse which handles the fruit and vegetables produced for market by cooperators. Most important of all, perhaps, in a dry country are the cooperative pumping station and water tower which also make up part of the central equipment.

Outside of this cooperative center, radiating like the spokes of a wheel, are the roads leading out across the property. These roads are connected, at some distance from the center, by a circular street on which the houses of the cooperators face. Beyond and behind the houses are the farm buildings, and beyond the farm buildings are the irrigated fields. Each cooperator therefore has a plot shaped like a piece of pie, flattened at the point where it faces on the circular street.

Each member of the cooperative owns his house, his farm buildings, his livestock, and his minor tools. Equipment at the

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center is used when needed by the members who buy their supplies cooperatively, sell their products cooperatively, and have the use of the common facilities as they need them.* Each cooperator lays out his own farm program, decides what crops he will raise and how he will raise them. He does the work on his farm with the assistance of his family. He may hire labor, if he can get it, for special tasks. He works with other cooperators on common enterprises.

We visited the farmstead of one of the cooperators who had 25 acres in his farm plot. Like everyone else that we met in Nahalal, he was wearing boots. He invited us to look over his establishment. He had a simple, wellbuilt, comfortably furnished two-story house. The grandparents lived downstairs; the farmer and his family lived upstairs. It was easier, he said, for the young people to get up and down the stairs. The mud in the barnyard was ankle deep or more. We went as far as our city footwear would carry us, and from that point the farmer showed us his cow and chicken houses, his tool house and storage sheds. It was easy to get a picture of the whole place because the village had been built on a knoll from which the fields sloped away in all directions.

He pointed ruefully to his open air silo, filled for this crop season with oats, cut green, packed into the silo, and pounded down by driving a tractor over them. At one end of the silo, where the packed oats had been removed and fed to the stock, the water stood about two feet deep.

This farmer was of early middle age, alert, with a good background in book-agriculture. He discussed his water problem. "We get most of our water here by drilling," he said. "The wells are anywhere from a hundred to several hundred feet deep. We find water at many levels. We have our central water supply. Beside that each farm owner has his own well or wells. Our rainfall here averages 22 inches a year, but it all comes in about four months, leaving six or eight months with little or no rain. In the dry period we must irrigate vegetables and fruit."

* Nahalal is a *moshav*, a small farmholders' cooperative. It is to be distinguished from a *kibbutz* in which everything—houses, farm buildings, tools, livestock—is owned and operated collectively—Ed.

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We asked the cooperator how much of the current rainfall would be used by his farm. He guessed that the land would retain less than a quarter of the rainwater. "It had been raining enough before this storm to saturate the soil pretty thoroughly," he said. "We will lose at least three quarters of the rain that came this time." In answer to a question, the farm owner said that some of the cooperators had tried making catch-basins, but in the average year so little water fell that not much was carried into the dry months. He showed us one basin across the valley that looked like a young lake. This storm provided sufficient water to be of real use when the dry months began.

We then discussed a matter that is attracting a great deal of attention among the Israeli farmers, the effects of groves of trees or shelter-belts on water supply. For a long time it has been assumed that because tree leaves transpire moisture into the air, and because the forest floor is a spongy mass of roots and decaying vegetation, it holds water like a sponge and allows it to seep slowly into springs and streams, thus retaining moisture over a long period instead of allowing it to run off as fast as it reaches the earth. The opposition replies that this is all very well where rainfall is reasonably abundant. In dry regions, with twenty inches of annual rainfall or less, trees use more moisture than they contribute. In the Nahalal area the Australian eucalyptus, a tree with a huge root system adapted to semi-desert conditions, was planted extensively forty or fifty years ago. The trees survived and made good growth. Today, however, many of these trees are being pulled out except where they give shade to the highways. In their places, pine trees are being planted on the mountains, and a new eucalyptus, developed in Israel, is being substituted. This new variety also grows well, but it has a smaller root system than the Australian tree, and uses much less water. Israeli nurseries are now exporting this new variety to Australia.

Israel's Breadbasket

Continuing east across the Yezrael Valley on our way to Tiberias, we passed through many mountainside pine plantations. Some of them were started as long ago as thirty years, and are now substantial trees. Some, a foot or so high, were

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being pruned and straightened. Others consisted of pine seedlings just showing above the ground. In the Valley of Yezrael we also saw a large catch-basin which filled with water during the rainy season and was emptied during the rainless months.

The Valley of Yezrael is called Israel's breadbasket because of the large amounts of grain that are grown there. The valley was green with hundreds of acres of sprouting wheat and rye. Those parts of the valley which are reclaimed swamps in many cases were under water. Most of the valley land had been planted to grain before the rains began. These fields suffered little damage from the flood. But the fields that had been worked and not sowed to grain suffered heavy erosion damage. On sloping ground the water had washed channels through the light reddish brown soil. Some of the gullies were already two or three feet deep, with flood waters still pouring through them. Their soft banks were crumbling and melting rapidly into the mud-filled rivulets and streams.

On the highway on which we were traveling there were near washouts, with heavy deposits of silt and gravel on the concrete driving lanes.

The Jordan Valley

From the promising grain fields we continued eastward to the Jordan Valley. On all sides we saw signs of storm damage, particularly on the newly-worked, sloping fields. The rains had left their marks on the villages also. We saw one barnyard belonging to a private farm. The buildings were perhaps fifty feet from the highway. The farmer was cutting green clover from a field, loading it on a rack, and hauling it by tractor to the barnyard, where it was fed to the cattle. All went well on the highway, but when the tractor left the concrete and moved toward the barn it sank into a pool of liquid mud at least 18 inches deep. The wagon, loaded with the fodder, went in to the hubs. The tractor pulled its load through the muck; but with repeated use and a bit more rain this quagmire would be impassible for everything except a caterpillar or a "duck." We saw one bulldozer wallowing through such a muck-hole and emerging literally plastered.

Wherever we went, people who had boots were wearing

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them. They were usually knee-high. The bootless workers were mud-covered to their knees.

The Jordan River, the Sea of Galilee, and the Dead Sea all lie below ocean level. Water flows from the north, through the Sea of Galilee and the Jordan, into the Dead Sea. The Sea of Galilee, fifteen miles long by five or six miles wide, contains fresh water. The Dead Sea is heavy with salt. South of the Dead Sea is a desert area in which rainfall is negligible. The land is potentially fertile with all but 100 percent of sunshine and tropical temperatures. Only one thing is lacking—water—and that lies less than a hundred miles away in the Sea of Galilee, with a range of hills in between.

Under the feudal conditions that prevailed for centuries in the Near East there was no solution for this problem of fresh water near at hand to the north, separated by hills from desert acres in the south. Today, however, the problem is being solved. A pumping station is being installed on the north shore of the Sea of Galilee. A steel pipe, eight feet in diameter, embedded in concrete, runs about six miles to the top of the divide. From there it will flow by gravity, through a concrete conduit, ninety miles into the Negev, where it will make the desert blossom. The Sea of Galilee is being dammed at the south end sufficiently to raise its level during the rainy season, while the water pumps will lower the level during the rainless months.

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BOOKS

MUGSBOROUGH, UNLIMITED

BY W. H. FERRY

The reviews which appeared in English journals of *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists* when it was republished seven years ago found little to praise and a good deal to complain about. RTP, as the book shall be referred to, was less a novel than a tract; used a dozen incidents to make a point when one would have done as well; depicted mawkish despair when manly fortitude would have been more British; spoke of days long gone and better forgotten; and offered little artistic nourishment in the course of a 630-page polemic.

There was no point in reproving the author, Robert Tressell, for he had been dead 40 years. And in fact a certain admiration crept in for a writer, all but forgotten, who could now be seen as an extraordinary fomenter of social justice.

Similar disapproval may be predicted from U.S. critics when RTP is published in this country for the first time in 45 years by Monthly Review Press.* The novel of social protest seldom finds its way into the hands of critics these days. Doubtless there are deep-running historical or sociological explanations for the virtual extinction of the genre, and its replacement by the novel of individual discomfort and alienation. The Cold War furnishes the readiest reason; if a writer does not approve of the social order in his own country, must it not be assumed that his heart is in Another Place? Such a novelist invites a sure drubbing from the literary sentinels of the Establishment as well as a flaying from the *New Leader,* always vigilant to strike down any but its own pinchy brand of social criticism. Even more, there is the real and present danger of a public opinion that complacently supports the outlawing of political ideas and adopts the most brutal propositions ever accepted by civilized man, because they are anti-Soviet.

W. H. Ferry is vice-president of the Fund for the Republic and a member of the staff of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

* The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists, by Robert Tressell, Monthly Review Press, New York, 1962. $6.00. Prepublication price until March 30 is $3.25.

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So RTP will, for the run-of-the-house American reviewer, be something new and blue, easy to pan and hard to praise, for he has seen nothing like its directness and passion for years. Here he will encounter no symbols or allegories, no psychologizing or self-pity. RTP is as angry and sharp as a punch in the nose.

* * *

RTP is, in Tressell's words, "the story of twelve months in hell, told by one of the damned." RTP is the story of Disraeli's Two Nations, the nations of the rich and the poor. Its contemporary relevance is clear to anyone willing to look. The book opens and closes at Christmastides sometime early in this century. The scene is Mugsborough, a city of 80,000 two hundred miles from London. The hero is social justice, The System of capitalism the villain, the story unplotted and drab, and the manner of telling artless and repetitive.

Little of the conventional apparatus of the novel, in short, finds a place in RTP. Yet Tressell succeeds brilliantly in his aims: "to present, in the form of an interesting story, a faithful picture of working-class life . . . *to describe the relations* existing between the workers and their employers . . . to show the conditions resulting from poverty and unemployment; expose the futility of the measures taken to deal with them and to indicate . . . the only true remedy, Socialism."

RTP succeeds because of its unremitting indignation, because of the icy detail which Tressell hurls down on every page of his indictment. In Mugsborough the children of the poor suffer the first indignity of being born derelicts, and men the final indignity of starving to death. The voice of justice echoes unforgettably in this chronicle of lives remorselessly chewed up in the wheels of The System. RTP succeeds because it achieves the objects of a work of art; it arouses, convinces, and leads to meditation on its subject.

When RTP, through the enterprise of MR Press, appears here next month, it will be the first time that American readers have had a chance to read it in its original form. In a version containing less than half of Tressell's original manuscript, RTP was published here and in England in 1914. Fewer than 4,000 copies of the first printing were sold altogether, and RTP was marked a failure. Two years later, according to Grant Richards, the British publisher of the early editions of RTP, he "reduced the book to about 60,000 [words] and a cheap edition duly appeared and sold in scores of thousands. . . . The book . . . *suddenly became* a great success, and perhaps did something to alter the nation's history."

F. C. Ball, Tressell's biographer, comments: "Mr. Richards was right about its influence. It has probably made more socialists than any other book, and this explains why it

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is not considered to be literature. . . . Written in our day the book would be classed 'subversive.' "

RTP is subversive as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was subversive. It hacks away at the beams and joists of a society that is serene and comfortable on the surface and choked with injustice inside. All Southern slaveholders of the 1850's were not Legrees, and all the British employers of Tressell's day were not brutes. But all were beneficiaries of The System. Tressell never mistakes the man for The System, and his pity goes out also for those employers and underlings who are caught in its heartless logic. But he has nothing but hot scorn for those who should know better, who by birth or native intelligence or public position should be concerned with the general good. Messrs. Didlum, Sweater, Grinder, d'-Encloseland, Snatchem, Graball, and the rest of Mugsborough's archly-named elite are portrayed with a mordancy that goes straight back to Dickens. Yet even in these successful rulers Tressell observes the ironic contrast between their fattening bank accounts and their impoverished and aimless lives.

The Church, Established and Reformed, is seen throughout RTP as the inveterate and efficient ally of The System. Tressell's regard for the teachings of Christ is high. His representatives here below are objects of the bitterest contempt. Heresy in an exact sense reigns in the meeting halls and vestries of Mugsborough's churches, where the worship of God and of profit are cannily combined. The clergy, in Richard Hughes' words, consistently uphold "the inalienable right of the helpless to be helped by no one except themselves." The moral decay following on the exploitation of men and the relentless pursuit of profit reaches as deep into Mugsborough's sanctuaries as into its offices. When in a savage passage one reads of the unctuous conspiracy of employers and ministry against starving men and children for the "good of the community," one inevitably thinks of the amiable consent today of most of Western Christianity to the threat and ultimate use of nuclear weapons.

* * *

On an examination paper a British schoolboy once wrote that "William the Conquerer invented a system according to which everybody had to belong to somebody else, and everybody else had to belong to the King. This was called the Feutile System." RTP is about the Feutile System on which the gentility and great fortunes of Edwardian England rested. But it is not out-of-date, though we will be reminded that the Western world has progressed to enlightenment from the hopeless conditions of Mugsborough's workingmen and their families. Polished and improved it surely is, but it is still The System. Today's comparative well-being and humane behavior is built on the Mugsborough structure,

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where everybody belongs to somebody: more than four-fifths of Americans work for someone else, whose control of their economic destinies is no less decisive even if more cautious than the hold of Messrs. Rushton and Hunter on the pathetic band of construction workers who are RTP's main actors.

RTP was published posthumously. Robert Tressell was the *nom de plume* of Robert Noonan, who remains an ambiguous figure even after the most diligent efforts of F. C. Ball, his only biographer. (*Tressell of Mugsborough,* by F. C. Ball, Lawrence and Wishart, London, 1951.) Noonan-Tressell came from South Africa (though probably born in the British Isles) to Hastings, the city in southern England that becomes Mugsborough, just after the Boer War. In the next 10 years, RTP was written, while Tressell worked off and on as a house painter. He was one of the bands of Mugsborough mugs who, to Tressell's heavy-hearted dismay, took indigence and deprivation to be chronic, and part of an ultimate scheme. In 1910, his health broken and his spirit frayed by the slow harsh struggle for socialism in England, Tressell decided to make another start in Canada.

He gave 1,674 hand-written sheets to his only daughter, Kathleen, with the comment: "Don't destroy it. It might come in useful one day." Tressell got only as far as Liverpool on his journey to the New World. He died there on February 3, 1911, a victim of the accumulated ailments of the working classes that we learn so much about in his pages. Tied in pink ribbon the manuscript of RTP, her only heritage, was put away by the orphaned Kathleen. Two years after her father's death Kathleen, by then a domestic servant in London, overheard conversation of books while waiting on a table. She ventured to mention the manuscript in her trunk; and in this chancey way *The Ragged Trousered Philanthropists,* surely one of fiction's most exasperating, heartrending, and memorable crews, started on their 47-year journey to the audience of Monthly Review Press.

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AN HONEST LIBERAL

BY SAUL LANDAU

Herbert Matthews was the first correspondent to visit Fidel Castro in the Sierra Maestra; to prove, contrary to Batista's claims and the State Department's hope, that Fidel was very much alive. Because of public ignorance about Cuban politics, Matthews' stories in the *New York Times* were sensational: they revealed the nature of the Batista tyranny and the high ideals of the small bearded band and their city accomplices who were in the first stage of waging revolution. The fact that the prestigeful *Times* broke the story meant a great propaganda victory for Fidel and gave incentive to those in Cuba, and to many exiles, to fight harder for the dictator's downfall.

In the process of getting the scoop, in his interviews with Fidel, and in the frequent trips to Havana after January 1, 1959, the two men became good friends. Relations between their two countries, however, quickly deteriorated. Matthews continued to support the revolution, but by early 1960 he was a very critical supporter. If only Fidel would listen! But Matthews knew he would not—and could not. If only the State Department and the American Ambassadors had listened! With them it was stupidity and hysteria—and perhaps the inherent nature of imperialism? So no one listened to this honest and perceptive journalist; history took its course as events and personalities interacted; and an invasion came and quickly went. No articles under Matthews' by-line appeared in the *Times*—only occasional and usually ambiguous editorials—and many people were curious: What does Matthews think now?

*The Cuban Story** gives all the answers anyone could hope for about what Matthews thinks about Fidel, Cuba, Latin America, U.S. foreign policy, U.S. journalism, and about Matthews himself. Perhaps the greatest compliment that could be paid to an American journalist would be to call him an honest man. *The Cuban Story* will make Matthews few friends among the liberals; the conservatives will fume; and the Birchers and Sons of Birchers will relegate him once and for all to the Khrushchev-FDR red conspiracy. For example, look at all the admiration he

Saul Landau, a member of the editorial board of *Studies on the Left,* spent several months in Cuba during the summer and fall of 1960.

* Herbert L. Matthews, *The Cuban Story,* George Braziller, 1961, 318 pp., $4.50.

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shows for that bearded, babbling, clown-devil. He calls him a great man, with an appealing and compelling personality, and much more.

Factually, Herbert Matthews says almost what Sweezy and Huberman, Wright Mills, and Sartre say in their books. He adds a reminiscent chapter about an exciting and dangerous rendezvous in the Sierra, complete with intricate Eric Ambler clandestine operations and gun smuggling. But that is now far away—although the glamor and excitement of guerrilla fighting will no doubt appear soon again in another Latin American country, or perhaps in Asia. But Matthews differs from the other honest writers: he does not support the Cuban Revolution any longer. He is unique in that he is the only critic who understands with some sense of history and humanity what it is he is criticising.

Matthews does not claim to be betrayed, nor does he make the twisted charge that Fidel betrayed his own revolution. He is a humble man who has studied much history and lived through many revolutions. He dismisses, after presenting evidence, the cries of the reactionaries that Fidel was always a Communist and a street murderer to boot. Matthews exposes the myth about Fidel (now ungrateful) being saved by the kindly old Archbishop of Santiago. He puts the lid on the Eastland-Dodd sewer: No, it was not the State Department, in collaboration with Matthews and other "pinkos," that displaced the orderly, cooperative, and anti-Communist government of General Batista. And finally, in explaining the forces and events that led to the insurrection and the increasing radicalization that followed, he deals with The Betrayed: Draper, *Encounter, New Leader,* and *Dissent,* among the many vengeful Christs. He astutely places them in their proper historical context: alongside the Girondins, "the last apostles of the liberal idea." He does all this gently and sometimes implicitly; but he is, after all, a forty-year veteran, an editor of the *New York Times,* an honest and liberal man; certainly no Jacobin —or Fidelista.

It is not necessary however to be a revolutionary in order to understand revolution. Matthews could not side against the United States. Fidel knew that and still respects the man, a compliment that no other high-prestige American newspaper man can claim—although no other would want the distinction.

If, as the Eastland clan charges, Matthews had been responsible for the Cuban Revolution, "it would have been a very different revolution." But that is, and always was, beside the point, for him. His concern, and it is repeated many times, is how the United States is going to solve what by definition is insoluble: How are "we" going to keep "our" empire when no one else wants us to keep it? The Colossus of the North—

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Matthews uses that term—has had its day. It must either change drastically or lose. In his chapter entitled "The Hemisphere," the case is stated coldly:

> A friendly or neutral Latin America with which we can trade, upon whose raw materials we can draw, from which we know that a military attack against us in unthinkable — such a Latin America is vital to our existence as the pre-eminent power in the free world. . . . The security of the continental United States for the last 150 years has, in a crucial sense, been based on our hegemony in the Western Hemisphere. Now, as an indirect result of the Cuban Revolution, that hegemony is being challenged. . . . Can we lose that hegemony now? The fact that the question has to be asked, that there is even a possibility of our position being lost or seriously weakened, proves in itself how grave a challenge we are facing from the forces unleashed by the Cuban Revolution (pp. 227-228).

This is an understatement. Let us assume the most for the Alliance for Progress: Congress would not stand in the way of continual long-term aid; the military-latifundista elite would lie down and play dead; and the masses everywhere in Latin America would settle for Betancourts and Frondizis. It would still, under the most ideal conditions of U.S.-directed Alliances for Progress, take half a century to raise living standards and industrial production to the point that Cuba will reach in a few years, under the most adverse conditions. And we have, for the sake of dramatization, assumed the absurd.

Matthews is very clear in pointing to the social, political, and economic problems of Latin America. He has statistical evidence and keen sociological analysis. He knows the scene well and reports it honestly. He pleads that the U.S. should realize its past mistakes, its crude and mercenary diplomacy, its doctrinaire fanaticism—all revolutions are not Communist. There is still hope if we can take the initiative away from *fidelismo*. It is the only hope that the liberals have, and Matthews pleads for it as if the death sentence had already been pronounced. Does he know that it has?

What is the Alliance for Progress? Please, forgive us, Latin brothers, we knew not what we did. Now we will give you lots of money, only it must be for private investment; we will support your revolutions, only they must not tamper with U.S. private investment, and not too much with local investment; we will get rid of our bad diplomats, and we will replace them with Spanish-speaking New Frontiersmen.

But it really is too late. The large corporations have a stronger hold on American life and policy than ever; they have

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no use for such vague hopes. A Communist is after all a Communist, and a businessman can smell him better than a naive liberal who still carries a torch for Fidel and the Spanish Republic. Even President Kennedy lost his patience after the invasion, saying in effect: We must expand, so beware you lazy Latins. We will be pushed only so far. No, you must understand what we did wrong, pleads the honest editor of the *Times*. Poor Herbert Matthews. No one listens to him.

Imagine his pain when he goes to Latin America, and even Spain, and finds that most of the people feel that Fidel has provided the answers for their emotional and material needs. And one of these needs, perhaps the most satisfying, was to be able to stand straight up and spit flush in Uncle Sam's angry red face. But aside from a few students who got in their licks on Nixon, most of Latin America has yet to experience the satisfaction personally. So they identify with the Cubans. When you ask a Latin American what's wrong with his country he will not say: "We need more Yankee dollars." Rather, he smiles proudly and says: "Hace falta Fidel." (Fidel is missing.)

But what of the Cuban Revolution? Again Matthews pleads for understanding. Cuba is not Communist yet. It is only "Communistoid." Such inanities, however, are few; for the most part Matthews' interpretation of the rapid radicalization agrees with Huberman and Sweezy, Mills, and Sartre. Although critical of all "undemocratic" and "totalitarian" methods, Matthews credits the great achievements of the revolution. And although it has "borrowed its ideas and methods from Iron Curtain Europe . . . it remained Fidel Castro's revolution." Even Moscow and Peiping (sic) do not recognize it as truly Communist. So there is still hope, because Matthews still has faith in Fidel as an honest and fearless man. But, alas poor liberal, he refuses to see the point. Or, as Nietzsche so cleverly put it: "Even the most courageous among us only rarely has the courage for that which he really knows."

It was true that in the beginning, perhaps until a year ago or less, Fidel was able to control personally almost all that happened on the island. But all revolutions, even such Pachangas as the Cuban one, have to get organized, or institutionalized, if they are to do the grim work of cleaning up and building a new society. Once this process takes hold, one man cannot direct everything, not even a man with the superhuman energy of Fidel. It is no longer Fidel's revolution. And even if it was, John F. Kennedy would not be moved by Matthews' appeal. A second invasion of Cuba is being prepared, and although Matthews says "Thank the Lord" that the first one failed, it will take more than noble principles and understanding to change basically U.S. foreign policy. It would

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take a revolution here.

This Matthews does not deal with. After all, he is a liberal and believes in words like pluralism. He is convinced that no matter what "we" do, "our" system is the best. He could not be convinced that the entire structure is run for and by the corporation—with its political and military guides in White House and Pentagon. He knows that in the past U.S. business made American foreign policy in Latin America. He has read Robert F. Smith's brilliant book, *The United States and Cuba.* He quotes John Foster Dulles on Pérez Jiménez's Venezuela: "Venezuela is a country which has adopted the kind of policies which we think the other countries of South America should adopt. Namely, they have adopted policies which provide in Venezuela a climate which is attractive to foreign capital to come in." The conclusion of Dulles' speech: "If all Latin American countries followed the example of Venezuela, the dangers of Communism and social disorder would disappear."

To Matthews, this is an "attitude and policy that must be abandoned." And he sees no proof that it has been abandoned. "It is vital that we permit the impetus for change to come from within the countries and not impose change upon them, even if we could. Yet [here comes the rub] how are we going to keep international Communism out of the Western Hemisphere, and *fidelismo* out of the other countries of Latin America, without intervening? This is one of the most serious dilemmas we face. . . ." For Matthews admits that the goals of the Cuban Revolution are "splendid" ones. But "we contend that they cannot be achieved by totalitarian methods or if they are, as in Russia, that the price paid will be degrading. Besides, anywhere in Latin America the aims would be achieved at our expense and would represent a grave danger to our security."

So in the end Matthews does not really know what he wants. He is caught between honest admiration for the fruits of the revolution, disgust for some of the methods, and fear that U.S. security will be basically threatened.

Interestingly, the book's concluding chapter is on U.S. journalism. After constant repetition of the problems and after contemplating their insolubility, Matthews ends with a critique of American journalism, an exhortation to the *New York Times,* and a brief apologia for his own life. He calls for good journalism, and repeats his now famous statement on the failure to understand, interpret, and report the Cuban Revolution. He makes a scathing attack on the incompetence and irresponsibility which prevail in the U.S. press—except for the *Times* which retains its integrity. He reminisces a little, gives good tips to young reporters, and philosophizes briefly on history. Having begun his

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book with the statement that "Journalists rarely make history . . . at best we provide material for history," he concludes *The Cuban Story* with: "The only monument I want to leave on earth is for some student years from now to consult the files of *The New York Times* for information about the Spanish Civil War, the Cuban Revolution, or other events and places, and find my by-line, and know that he can trust it."

And the student will be able to trust it. There is perhaps nothing more that one can ask from an honest liberal.

REFLECTIONS ON "FREEDOM: PROMISE AND MENACE"

BY FRITZ PAPPENHEIM

Scott Nearing's book on freedom* which shows the need for *socialism* is written with the passion of a staunch non-conformist and *individualist*. Both the strength and the weakness of the book lie in this paradox.

The central theme is an attack on the ideas of the "devotees of freedom" who have treated freedom as "an unmixed blessing," who worship it as the "holy grail," as a goal in itself. Opposing this "cult of freedom," the author emphasizes the role of freedom as "a means or device for achieving certain objectives" (p. 29), and asserts: "Like any tool, implement, or agency, freedom is neutral. . . . When the purpose for which the implement is used has been achieved, the implement, having no purpose of its own goes back into its place in the toolshed." (pp. 29-30.) Nearing criticizes the many ideologists who accept Hegel's thesis that the history of the world is nothing but the development of the idea of freedom. Such a view, according to him, is in conflict with historical reality. We can-

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Dr. Pappenheim is the author of *The Alienation of Modern Man* published by Monthly Review Press.

* Scott Nearing, *Freedom: Promise and Menace—A Critique on the Cult of Freedom,* Social Science Institute, Harborside, Maine, 1961. $3.50.

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not ignore the fact, he tells us, that especially the power age "is dominated by a trend away from freedom and toward restraint." (p. 15.)

This is hardly a new phenomenon. Freedom has always and only existed in correlation with its opposite. The modern age, which is often described as the age of freedom *par excellence,* is no exception. Since its inception, the freedoms and freedom postulates of the ruling groups of Western society have been accompanied by chattel slavery, serfdom, despotism, profiteering, and exploitation. To illustrate his point, the author lists a number of examples taken from the past and from current developments in the "Free World." In view of this evidence, he rejects the claims of the freedom advocates with the angry words: "Of all the big lies peddled to an ignorant, credulous public during the past two centuries, the freedom lie is probably the biggest and the most bare-faced." (p. 70.)

Another aspect of freedom, often overlooked by its proponents, is its impact on the community. Accepting the definition that freedom implies separateness, the author states at the beginning of his book: "Self-determining and atomistic, the urge to freedom puts the part before the whole, as it stretches or breaks the bonds that hold the individual within the group." (p. 9.) In a later chapter he adds: "Thus the community is fragmented . . . [men] elevate fragmentation into a primary principle of conduct, . . . in the end every man's hand is raised against his neighbor." (p. 97.)

According to Nearing, the above described conditions, which resulted from the implementation of the principle of freedom, account for the increasing tendency of many people not to accept any longer the faith in the promise of freedom but to recoil and retreat before the menaces of freedom. Nearing welcomes such a critical attitude toward the cult of individualistic freedom. Focusing on the great challenges of power-age society, he believes that they can be met only if we break away from the belief that "ultra-individualism is the norm of human nature and one of the significant objectives of social endeavor." (p. 155.) These gigantic tasks cannot be carried out unless man realizes that " 'We-ness,' with its demands for group function, must take precedence over 'I-ness' with its demand for personal self-expression." (p. 151.) The building of a new social structure becomes imperative and we must recognize that "freedom is not its immediate goal" (p. 187), that we can find a solution for the crisis of the 20th century only if we are ready "to rate social objectives in this order of importance: *first,* justice, including economic justice; *second,* order and balance; *third,* peace; *fourth,* freedom." (p. 153.) He says that this priority scale should apply only

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for the duration of the current crisis, a period which may last for a considerable time. Although Nearing wants to change the priority pattern after the crisis is over, the tenor of the book seems to be a warning to us not to lay much stress on the importance of freedom.

It will be seen from this all-too brief description that *Freedom: Promise and Menace* focuses on a conflict which Marx described as one of the most characteristic of modern society. Following Hegel's theory of dialectical opposition between appearance and reality and applying it to the understanding of capitalism, Marx emphasized that *from the point of view of law* the workman is free, since freedom of contract and also political freedoms sanctioned by constitutional law are guaranteed to him; while at the same time his *economic condition* shows a high degree of unfreedom resulting from his separation from the means of production. This is only one of the many illustrations which Marx gave to show that man's fate in capitalism is shaped by the contradictory forces of freedom and coercion. The former have grown out of the historical struggle of the middle class against the fetters of feudal aristocracy and absolute monarchy. Affirmed by our most cherished laws and often cited in public debate, they play a great role in our consciousness and represent a part of our existence which is apparent to everybody. The forces of coercion are more hidden—Marx states that the market laws exercise a *silent* compulsion—but they penetrate the very core of our existence. Even if people have freedom of contract or the right to elect their legislators, they remain at the mercy of the workmen or employees; of the changing phases of the economic cycle when they are businessmen; etc.

Marx's views on freedom and coercion seem to me of great relevance to the problems discussed by Nearing. They enable us to understand why the masses, and not only the ruling groups, cling to the ideology of freedom in a society which treats the individual as a mere object and shows little respect for the autonomy of the human person. This uncritical response may be partly due to concentrated and sometimes not too scrupulous propaganda efforts, described by Nearing. But it also grows out of the actual thinking and consciousness of people, who, perceiving primarily what appears on the surface of their existence, are disposed to accept illusions about the real forces in their lives.

It might seem that this "freedom consciousness," being based more on appearance than on reality, is unimportant. I think this would be a mistake. In periods when the contradiction between appearance and reality becomes particularly marked, some groups in society may be stirred to resist the forces of coercion and to strive toward a fuller implementation of the

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principle of freedom. Any attempt in this direction must of course lead to the realization that the goal cannot be attained without a basic change in the framework of society. Thus, it seems to me that there is a relationship between the fight for freedom and the fight for socialism; and, somewhat differing from Nearing, I believe it is necessary to emphasize the importance of this relationship.

I find it also difficult to follow the author when he implies that socialism can achieve only a lower degree of freedom than capitalism, and excuses this alleged shortcoming of socialism with the argument that freedom is "an invalid basis of comparison between the two social systems." (pp. 186-187.) Such a view would be meaningful only if we accept the individualistic concept of freedom, developed by advocates of capitalist society, as the only valid one. But why should we? Why should we take our standard from the very myth of freedom, the emptiness of which Scott Nearing has shown us? Must we let the ideologists of capitalism monopolize the word freedom and accept their verdict: You cannot be safe *and* free?* Why should a society whose members regulate production through an overall economic plan, so that they will no longer be tossed around like playthings by forces beyond their control, be less free than a society which offers legal freedom but leaves its members in the grip of the laws of the market?

Nearing is clearly committed to socialism, but his thinking stems from strongly individualistic roots. He is much occupied with the conflict between individual and society and does not seem to have completely broken away from the view that this antagonism is a fundamental and eternal one, unrelated to the impact of historical and social developments. Although he stresses the interdependence of individual and group, he believes that freedom can be found and realized only outside the group. Adopting the definition of freedom which implies separation, he states: "Freedom . . . distinguishes, separates, and finally detaches the freedom-seeker from the group." (p. 10.) Although, especially in our period, there is abundant evidence of the tension between individual and society, I find that we must not follow those who attribute it to the human condition as such, and thus imply that even future societies will not succeed in coping with this conflict or in finding ways to reduce it. Marx showed throughout his work that our thinking on the relationship between individual and society is often confused by the fact that the associations to which we belong in the atomized society of capitalism (state, church, the modern family, etc.) are only illusory communities; by know-

* For an interesting analysis of this slogan, see the last chapter of Barrows Dunham's book *Man Against Myth*.

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ing only the *Ersatz* and not the meaning of true community, we fail to realize that man "can develop into an individual only in society" (*Critique of Political Economy,* p. 268); that "in the real community the individuals obtain their freedom in and through their association"; and that basically "only in the community . . . is personal freedom possible." (*German Ideology,* pp. 74-75.)

There are, as we have seen, unresolved tensions in Scott Nearing's position. But what author who really wants to come to grips with the problem of modern society is able to write a book which has the smoothness of a text in formal logic? The contradictions in *Freedom: Promise and Menace* are largely due to the fact that it is written by a genuine individualist, who has more of the freedom fighter in him than many of the vociferous ideologists of the "Free World," and who in his determination to take the word freedom seriously has been driven to recognize the need for socialism.

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(*continued from inside front cover*)

Century"; and Tawney's Introduction to Wilson's "Discourse on Usury." How I enjoyed them all! Later I attended his lectures on the 19th century —the course he did with Durbin, Power, and Postan. I still have vivid memories of this giant! He influenced my thinking, as no doubt he did that of many others." As a tribute to Tawney's memory, we plan to publish in an early issue a collection of characteristic quotations from his two best known works.

Through an oversight, we neglected to announce in our last issue that MR Press would publish on February 28th an American edition of E. P. Thompson's monumental 908-page study of William Morris and his influence in Victorian England. The book is entitled *William Morris: Romantic to Revolutionary.* Its list price is $8.50 and prepublication price $5.00. Since most of you have not had a chance to take advantage of the prepublication offer, however, we are extending it for another month to the end of March. Since we have only a small stock of this title, those of you who want to add it to your libraries would do well to act promptly.

PLEASE. When you move and fail to notify us in advance of your change of address, the postoffice sends us a slip saying that the magazine is undeliverable at your old address. That notice costs us 10¢. Multiply that 10¢ by 10 or 15 or whatever the average number of slips received *each day,* and you get a substantial sum of money wasted in the course of a year. So please: move if you must, but *let us know.*

We are happy to be able to announce that Ralph Miliband, now teaching at Roosevelt University on leave from the London School of Economics, will be the speaker at a Monthly Review Associates meeting in New York on Monday, April 16th. Dr. Miliband's articles in MR have always evoked an enthusiastic reader response, and we are sure that many of you will welcome this opportunity to hear him in person. His subject will be "World Socialism and War." Details of time and place will be published in the April issue; meanwhile, be sure to reserve the evening.

You know how we complain about the way MR Press books don't get reviewed. Well, every once in a while we like to note when they do get reviewed, especially if the review is a fair and reasonable one. This certainly holds for the review of *Cuba: Anatomy of a Revolution* by Professor Mervyn L. Cadwallader of San Jose State College, which appeared in the January, 1962, issue of the *American Journal of Sociology.* He describes the book as "the first and only approximation to a scholarly analysis of this fast-moving social transformation just south of Florida" and expresses the opinion that it is "the best book on Cuba so far."

Speaking of Cuba reminds us that the Medical Aid Committee for Cuba, formation of which we announced in the January issue, will hold its first public meeting on Wednesday, March 14th, at 8 p.m. at Palm Gardens, 310 West 52nd Street. Jesse Gordon will be in the chair and the speakers (on the subject of the shortage of medicines in Cuba) will be William Worthy, Bayard Rustin, and Melitta Del Villar. Contribution 99¢. Meanwhile, the Committee asks us to relay thanks to all MR readers who have made contributions.

Scott Nearing announces four lectures in early April under the general title "The Socialist Century"—(1) The Cradle of Socialism, April 3; (2) Socialism in Eastern Europe, April 5; (3) Socialism in the Western Hemisphere, April 10; and (4) Fifty Years of Socialism, April 12. All lectures will be at Academy Hall, 853 Broadway (at 14th Street), at 8:30 o'clock. Admission $1 per lecture.

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